



# SIN CITY™

## A DAME TO KILL FOR

FRANK MILLER  
STORY, ART, COVER, LETTERS

STEVE MILLER  
LOGO DESIGN

JERRY PROSSER  
EDITOR

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**FRANK MILLER**

# **SIN CITY**

**A DAME TO KILL FOR**

**LEGEND**



SIN CITY  
1 OF 6

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15M

IT'S ANOTHER  
HOT NIGHT, DRY  
AND WINDLESS.  
THE KIND THAT  
MAKES PEOPLE  
DO SWEATY,  
SECRET THINGS.

I WAIT  
AND I  
LISTEN.

FOR A WHILE IT'S  
AS QUIET AS IT GETS  
IN SIN CITY. COYOTE  
CALLS FROM THE  
HILLS. POLICE SIRENS,  
RISING, FALLING,  
CUTTING THROUGH  
THE TRAFFIC'S WHITE-  
NOISE ROAR.

MY RIGHT CALF IS  
BEGINNING TO CRAMP  
UP AND I'M  
THINKING ABOUT  
GOING DOWNSTAIRS  
AND GETTING MY  
MONEY BACK FROM  
THE BELLHOP WHEN  
I HEAR THE JANGLE  
OF KEYS AT THE  
DOOR AND THEY  
COME IN...



THIS IS  
THE LAST  
TIME, SALLY.  
IT'S GOT TO  
BE THE LAST  
TIME.



CLICK!

WHAT-  
EVER YOU  
SAY,  
JOEY.

I  
MEAN  
IT, THIS  
TIME.

SHE GLIDES  
OUT OF HER COAT  
LIKE IT WAS  
CHRISTMAS  
WRAPPING,  
PLAYING IT FOR  
ALL IT'S WORTH.  
AND IT'S WORTH  
PLENTY. SHE'S  
GOT THE KIND  
OF FIGURE YOU  
NOTICE.

IT'S HER VOICE  
THAT SPOILS  
EVERYTHING.



CLICK!

A LITTLE GIRL'S  
VOICE, ALL  
SQUEAKY AND  
MOLSY AND  
BUBBLY AND  
BOUNCY WITH  
FALSE  
INNOCENCE...

I HAD  
A DREAM  
ABOUT YOU  
LAST NIGHT,  
JOEY. IT WAS A  
NICE DREAM. DO  
YOU WANT TO  
HEAR ABOUT  
IT?

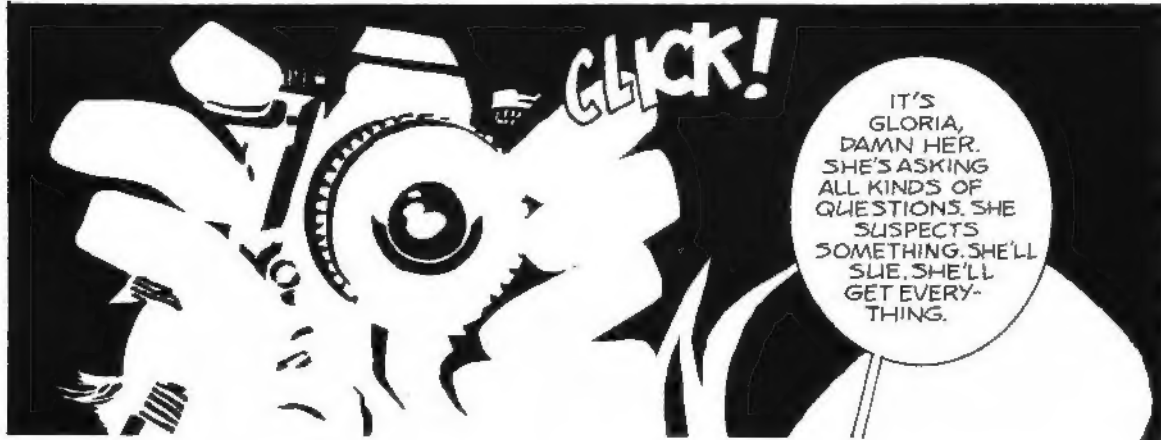


NO. NO DREAMS  
TONIGHT. I  
HAVEN'T GOT  
THE TIME. I  
HAVEN'T GOT ANY  
TIME. I HAVE TO  
GET HOME, SOON.  
AND THIS IS  
THE END FOR  
US. THE LAST  
TIME. I CAN'T  
GO ON  
TAKING THE  
CHANCE.

WHATEVER  
YOU SAY, JOEY.  
YOU GIVE THE  
ORDERS. YOU'RE  
THE BOSS.

SHE ADDS A GOOD  
HALF-DOZEN EXTRA  
SYLLABLES TO  
"BOSS," ENDING IT  
WITH A THROUGH-  
THE-TEETH HISS  
THAT'S ALL  
BUSINESS.

AND ALREADY HE'S  
BREATHING HARD,  
THE JERK.



CLICK!

IT'S  
GLORIA,  
DAMN HER.  
SHE'S ASKING  
ALL KINDS OF  
QUESTIONS. SHE  
SUSPECTS  
SOMETHING. SHE'LL  
SUE. SHE'LL  
GET EVERY-  
THING.





EVERY-  
THING YOU'VE  
WORKED SO  
HARD FOR.

YOU'RE  
DAMN RIGHT I  
WORK HARD. I  
WORK MY BUTT OFF. I  
NIGHT AND DAY. I  
ALWAYS HAVE BUILT  
MY BUSINESS UP  
OUT OF NOTHING.  
NOTHING.



AND  
NOBODY  
APPRECIATES  
YOU, DO THEY,  
JOEY? NOT  
LIKE YOU  
DESERVE.

NO. NOBODY, NOT THE  
EMPLOYEES I KEEP OFF  
FOOD STAMPS--AND NOT  
GLORIA, DAMN HER. MY  
OWN WIFE. LIVING IN  
THAT HOUSE I BOUGHT  
HER. WEARING THOSE  
CLOTHES I BOUGHT  
HER. WITH MY MONEY.  
MY HARD-EARNED  
MONEY. AND SHE  
DOESN'T  
APPRECIATE  
A DAMN  
THING.



SHE DOESN'T EVEN TRY TO UNDERSTAND THE KIND OF PRESSURE I'M UNDER. SHE DOESN'T EVEN TRY. DAMN HER. SHE'S ALWAYS COMING AT ME. ALWAYS MAKING DEMANDS. NEVER GIVING ME A BREAK. JUST LIKE ALL THOSE LAZY BLIMS WHO WOULDN'T HAVE A PAYCHECK IF I DIDN'T SIGN IT -- THEY CAN GET SICK, BUT ME? NOT A CHANCE!



IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE SO STRONG.

YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT ABOUT THAT! BUT DO I GET ANY CREDIT? HELL, NO! THEY JUST TAKE AND TAKE!



ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL FIRE THE WHOLE PACK OF THEM! SHOW THEM WHO'S THE BIG MAN! SHOW THEM WHO'S BOSS!

YOU CAN SHOW ME, JOEY.







THEN SHE'S MOANING  
AND SAYING "BOSS"  
IN TIME WITH HIS  
GRUNTS. IT'S ALL  
OVER PRETTY QUICKLY.



CLICK!  
CLICK!  
CLICK!

I GET  
EVERYTHING  
I NEED.

THE SAD  
THING IS THAT  
SOME OF THE  
COMPOSITIONS  
I PICK ARE  
PRETTY GOOD.



OH, GOD,  
JOEY. THAT WAS  
JUST INCREDIBLE.  
YOU MAKE ME FEEL  
LIKE A WOMAN. I  
KNOW THAT SOUNDS  
CORNY, BUT  
IT'S TRUE. SO  
TRUE.

IT  
TAKES A  
REAL MAN  
TO MAKE A  
GIRL FEEL  
LIKE  
THIS.

I LOVE  
YOU, BABY.  
YOU KNOW  
I LOVE  
YOU.



I LOVE  
YOU TOO, JOEY.  
YOU'RE ALL THE  
MAN I'LL EVER NEED.  
I COUNT THE MINUTES  
WHEN YOU'RE GONE.  
I HONESTLY  
DO.

MY WRISTS  
HURT, JOEY.  
THINK YOU  
COULD GET THE  
KEYS? THEY'RE  
RIGHT IN MY  
PURSE.

YOU  
DON'T HAVE  
ANY IDEA HOW  
MUCH I LOVE YOU.  
HOW MUCH I'VE  
SACRIFICED. IT'S  
TEARING ME UP  
INSIDE...



JOEY--  
WHAT ARE  
YOU  
DOING?!

IT'S TEARING ME  
UP! HOW MUCH I LOVE  
YOU--AND WHAT I HAVE TO  
DO! BUT I'VE WORKED  
HARD! DAMN HARD! AND  
GLORIA WOULD GET  
EVERYTHING! IT'S ALL HER  
FAULT! I DON'T HAVE  
ANY CHOICE!





JOEY--  
I BEG  
YOU,  
BABY...

DON'T  
MAKE  
THIS ANY  
HARDER  
THAN IT  
IS, DAMN  
YOU!



YAAA







"THEN CAN I HAVE A RIDE?" SHE ASKS, USING HER REAL VOICE THIS TIME, A VOICE THAT'S LEFT INNOCENCE A LIFETIME BEHIND.

I GRAB THE KEYS AND UNCLIFF HER. I LEAVE THE JERK FOR HOUSE-KEEPING.

ON THE WAY OUT SHE GIVES HIM A KICK THAT'LL STILL HURT LIKE HELL WHEN HE COMES TO.



I TAKE REDONDO OVER THE HILL, TOWARD OLD TOWN IT TAKES LONGER THAT WAY, BUT I FIGURE WITH THE WAY SHE'S SHAKING SHE COULD USE THE TIME TO SETTLE DOWN. AT FIRST ALL SHE CAN DO IS SOB AND BLOW HER NOSE AND SMOKE CIGARETTES.

SHE SMOKES SIX CIGARETTES.

SHE'S JUST ABOUT PULLED HERSELF TOGETHER WHEN SOME CRAZY BLONDE CLITS US OFF, MAKING POOR SALLY ALMOST JUMP OUT OF HER SKIN.



DRIVING LIKE A BAT OUT OF HELL, THAT ONE.

CRAZY.

THERE'S NEVER A GOOD REASON FOR BREAKING THE SPEED LIMIT.



THE LAST I SEE OF SALLY, SHE'S FIXED HER MAKEUP AND SHE'S SALINTERING AWAY LIKE A PRO, TOSSING ME A WAVE AND A WINK, ONE HOOKER TO ANOTHER.

THEN SHE BLENDS INTO THE SEA OF FLESH THAT IS OLD TOWN.

OLD TOWN. WHERE BEAUTY IS CHEAP, PROVIDED ALL YOU WANT TO DO IS LOOK.

BUT IF YOU'RE READY TO PAY, YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING YOU CAN IMAGINE.

I HOLD TIGHT TO THE WHEEL TO KEEP MY HANDS FROM SHAKING. I PULL OUT AND CUT BACK OVER THE HILL. OUT. AWAY.



I PUT THE GAME ON AND PRAY IT WILL CHASE AWAY THE MEMORIES, THE DAMN OLD TOWN MEMORIES, OF DRUNKEN MORNINGS AND SWEATY SEX AND STUPID, BLOODY BRAWLS.

YOU CAN'T JUST PICK AND CHOOSE YOU CAN'T TAKE THE GOOD WITHOUT THE BAD.

NOT ONCE YOU LET THE MONSTER OUT.



THE TEAM'S UP BY TWELVE LATE IN THE THIRD WHEN I PULL UP TO AGAMEMNON'S. I SHOULD BE HOME IN TIME TO CATCH THE FOURTH-QUARTER REPLAY AT ELEVEN.

AGAMEMNON'S EATING, LIKE ALWAYS, AND HE'S CHEERFUL, ALSO LIKE ALWAYS.

IT'S AGAMEMNON WHO GOT ME INTO THESE MARITAL JOBS. IT'S HIS SPECIALTY. HE TOSSES ME WORK HE CAN'T HANDLE BECAUSE HE'S SO FAT. HE KEEPS HALF THE MONEY, WHICH I THINK IS FAIR, CONSIDERING I GET TO USE HIS DARKROOM UNTIL I CAN AFFORD MY OWN EQUIPMENT WHICH I HOPE IS SOON, BECAUSE EVEN THOUGH I'M GRATEFUL TO THE GUY FOR THE WORK, AGAMEMNON MAKES ME SICK.



THE  
CANELL!  
JOB? GOD DAMN!  
I KNEW THAT BUM  
COULDN'T KEEP IT IN  
HIS PANTS MUCH  
LONGER!

YOU  
CATCH THE  
GAME? OUR  
BOY GABRIEL  
IS KICKING  
BUTT!

YEAH  
THE BLUES  
MIGHT JUST  
GO ALL THE  
WAY, THIS  
YEAR.

I'M  
HOPING  
TO CATCH THE  
REPLAY AT  
ELEVEN.

KISS ME  
I'M GREEK

IF I HAD TO  
NAIL IT DOWN,  
I'D SAY THE  
MAIN REASON  
AGAMEMNON  
MAKES ME  
SICK IS HOW  
MUCH HE  
LOVES HIS  
JOB.

OH, YEAH... OH,  
BOY... OH, YEAH  
... YOU'RE A  
GENILIS, KID ...  
OH, YEAH... GOD,  
JUST LOOK AT  
THEM ..



...WILL YOU GET A LOAD OF  
THOSE HOOTERS? STRAIGHT  
OUT OF PLAYBOY MAGAZINE!  
AND KNOWING YOU,  
YOU DIDN'T GET YOUR-  
SELF A PIECE OF THAT,  
DID YOU? NAH, NOT  
CLEAN LIVER NOT  
THE BOY SCOUT



HANDCLIFFS. IT'S FUNNY, YOU  
KNOW. HOW MANY OF THEM  
GO FOR THE HANDCLIFFS.

ESPECIALLY THE  
BUSINESSMEN AND  
JUDGES, TOO. YOU  
WOULDN'T BELIEVE  
HOW MANY JUDGES  
GO FOR THE  
CLIFFS.



SOME OF THEM LIKE THE  
GALS TO WEAR THEM, AND  
SOME LIKE TO PUT THEM  
ON, THEMSELVES

I TELL YA,  
I COULD  
WRITE A  
BOOK ...



MAYBE TOMORROW I'LL GO  
TO THE TIMES AND  
CRAWL ON MY BELLY AND  
BEG GILLERAN FOR MY OLD  
JOB BACK. MAYBE HE'LL  
GIVE ME A BREAK. HE  
SAID I DESERVED A  
PULITZER, ONCE

BUT THAT  
WAS THEN.







THE MUSTANG  
SHUDDERS,  
ANGRY, ACTING  
LIKE THE WILD  
HORSE IT WAS  
NAMED AFTER,  
BEGGING TO CUT  
LOOSE AND SHOW  
WHAT IT CAN DO.



I DON'T  
LET IT

I'VE GOT THE RADIO TUNED TO SOME  
LONELY HEARTS TALK SHOW, BUT I'M  
NOT LISTENING. ONE MORE TIME, I  
SORT THROUGH THE BROKEN PIECES  
OF MY PAST, AND LIKE ALWAYS, THEY  
COME TOGETHER TO FORM THE  
SAME, SORRY PICTURE.

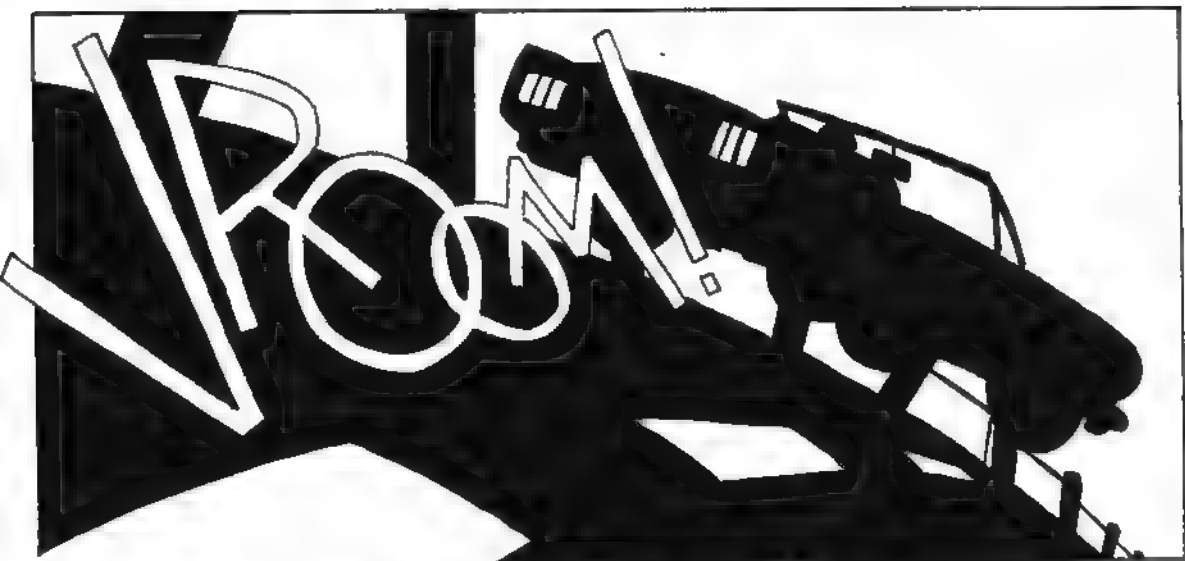


I THINK ABOUT ALL THE WAYS I'VE  
SCREWED UP AND WHAT I'D GIVE  
FOR ONE CLEAR CHANCE TO WIPE  
THE SLATE CLEAN. TO DIG MY WAY  
OUT OF THE NUMB, GREY HELL  
I'VE MADE OF MY LIFE.

I'D GIVE  
ANYTHING.



JUST TO CUT  
LOOSE JUST  
TO FEEL THE  
FIRE. ONE  
MORE TIME.



FOURTH-  
QUARTER  
REPLAY.

--AND IT'S  
DONNER ON A  
FAST BREAK --AND  
THERE'S GABRIEL WITH  
A STEAL --WHAT A STEAL!  
--TEARING UP COURT--HE  
SHOOTS--FOULED  
HARD--IT NEEDS  
A BOUNCE--  
YES!

SCORE!

RING!



SHE KEEPS  
TALKING

AND LIKE AN  
IDIOT, I  
KEEP  
LISTENING.



AVA.

DAMN



I SHOULD TELL  
HER TO GO TO  
HELL. INSTEAD I  
GIVE MYSELF A  
SHAVE I DON'T  
NEED AND I  
SHOW UP TWENTY  
MINUTES EARLY

AVA  
DAMN

WHAT THE HELL  
COULD SHE WANT  
WITH ME NOW?

CLUB  
PECOS

HE'D  
DESERVE  
IT.

GLAKK

SURE,  
BILL. LET'S  
GET YOU  
HOME

YOU CAN'T DRIVE  
TWO BLOCKS IN SIN  
CITY WITHOUT  
COMING ACROSS A  
SALOON. THIS  
ONE'S A COUNTRY  
JOINT, THE BAD  
KIND.

IT'S NOT THE KIND  
OF PLACE I'D EXPECT  
HER TO KNOW ABOUT,  
LET ALONE GO TO.

I GRAB MYSELF ONE  
LAST LUNGFUL OF  
NIGHT AIR. THEN I  
TRADE IT IN FOR A  
SMOKY SOUP SPICED  
WITH SWEAT AND  
VOMIT AND BOOZE  
AND BLOOD

I KNOW  
THE FLAVOR  
WELL.

HOW'S  
IT  
GOING,  
MARV?

YOU  
KNOW,  
DWIGHT.  
SAME OLD,  
SAME OLD



HAVEN'T  
SEEN YOU  
IN A DOG'S  
AGE, PAL  
YOU BEEN  
OUT OF  
TOWN?

NO, JUST  
BUSY YOU  
TAKE CARE,  
MARV

MARV'S A GUY  
YOU'VE GOT TO  
BE CAREFUL  
AROUND. HE  
DOESN'T MEAN  
ANY HARM, BUT  
HE CAUSES  
PLENTY.

THE POOR SLOB  
JUST ANOTHER  
LOSER IN A  
JOINT THAT'S  
FULL OF THEM.

WHY HERE, AVA?  
IT'S NOT LIKE  
YOU. NO, WITH  
YOU EVERYTHING  
ALWAYS HAD TO  
BE FIRST CLASS.  
ALL THE WAY.

AND WHEN I COULDN'T  
FOOT THE BILL, YOU  
SURE AS HELL FOUND  
SOMEBODY WHO  
COULD.





I ORDER UP  
A GINGER ALE  
AND STARE  
AT IT FOR THE  
BETTER PART  
OF AN HOUR



SHE'S LATE,  
LIKE SHE  
ALWAYS  
WAS

AND LIKE  
ALWAYS, SHE'S  
WORTH THE  
WAIT.







DWIGHT...HOW LONG  
HAS IT BEEN? FOUR  
YEARS?

SOUNDS  
ABOUT  
RIGHT. HAVE  
A SEAT



SHE ASKS FOR  
SOME KIND OF  
SCOTCH NOBODY'S  
EVER HEARD OF,  
THEN SETTLES  
FOR WHAT THEY  
HAVE.

NOT LIKE HER TO  
DRINK HARD  
STUFF. THE  
CIGARETTES ARE  
A SURPRISE,  
TOO. USED TO BE  
SHE COULDN'T  
STAND THE  
SMELL OF THEM.



SO  
MANY TIMES  
I'VE WANTED  
TO CALL YOU.I'VE  
FOUND MYSELF  
THINKING ABOUT  
YOU...

I'VE GOT  
PLACES  
TO BE. HOW  
ABOUT YOU  
JUST TELL  
ME WHAT  
YOU WANT

SHE MOVES CLOSE,  
ALL VULNERABLE,  
A DEER CAUGHT IN  
THE HEADLIGHTS.

I COULD  
SLUG HER

DON'T BE  
COLD, DWIGHT  
I DON'T THINK I  
COULD STAND  
THAT, RIGHT NOW.  
I MUST STILL MEAN  
SOMETHING TO YOU.  
YOU CAME HERE  
YOU MUST STILL  
CARE. JUST A  
LITTLE BIT.

SURE. YOU  
CALLED AND I  
CAME RUNNING.  
YOU'VE STILL GOT  
THAT MUCH OF A  
HOLD ON ME AND  
MAYBE YOU ALWAYS  
WILL. BUT I'VE GOT  
NO REASON AT ALL  
TO BE NICE ABOUT  
IT. NOT AFTER  
WHAT YOU DID  
TO ME

I  
GUESS I  
DESERVED  
THAT.

THERE'S NO  
GUESSING TO IT.  
YOU DESERVE THAT  
AND A WHOLE LOT MORE.  
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT  
I WENT THROUGH.  
HOW BAD IT GOT.

MAYBE IF YOU'D  
FALLEN IN LOVE WITH  
THE SLOB I COULD'VE  
HANDLED IT.

BUT YOU  
DIDN'T LOVE HIM  
YOU'VE NEVER LOVED  
ANYBODY. MONEY WAS  
ALL YOU WERE AFTER  
YOU TOSSED ME  
AWAY-- FOR CASH

SO LET'S NOT  
SCREW AROUND. I'M  
HERE. I'M LISTENING YOU  
JUST TELL ME WHAT  
THE HELL IT IS YOU  
WANT.

THERE'S  
ONLY ONE  
THING I WANT  
FROM YOU! AND  
I WANT IT SO  
DESPERATELY I  
COULD SCREAM!  
I WANT YOU  
TO FORGIVE  
ME!



OH. NOW  
I GET IT. YOU'VE  
GOT A CONSCIENCE,  
AFTER ALL. AND IT'S  
BUGGING YOU.

FINE. YOU'RE  
FORGIVEN. YOU GOT  
YOUR WISH. GO HOME.  
SLEEP TIGHT.

YOU'RE  
RIGHT ABOUT  
ME! I'M NOTHING  
BUT A SELFISH  
SLUT WHO THREW  
AWAY THE ONLY MAN  
SHE EVER LOVED! JUST  
LIKE YOU SAID! BUT  
I WAS WRONG.  
DARLING! WRONG!



I'M IN  
HELL, DWIGHT.  
IT'S WORSE THAN YOU  
CAN IMAGINE... OH, GOD...  
I WISH I COULD GO BACK  
IN TIME BACK TO THE  
WAY IT WAS. TO YOU AND  
ME. I'M SUCH A FOOL  
SUCH A SELFISH,  
STUPID SLUT...

YOU  
MADE  
YOUR BED.  
SLEEP  
IN IT.



FORGIVE  
ME, DARLING.  
I BEG YOU.  
I LOVE  
YOU.



SHE GASPS  
AND GRABS  
MY ARM AND  
SUDDENLY  
I'M PLAYING  
LANCELOT.

I'D  
SAY THAT'S  
UP TO MRS.  
LORD.

THIS IS NONE OF  
YOUR CONCERN,  
SIR.

IS THAT  
CLOWN GIVING  
YOU A HARD TIME,  
DWIGHT?

I'LL  
TAKE HIM  
DOWN FOR  
YOU IF YOU WANT.  
I GOT NOTHING  
GOING  
TONIGHT.

URP

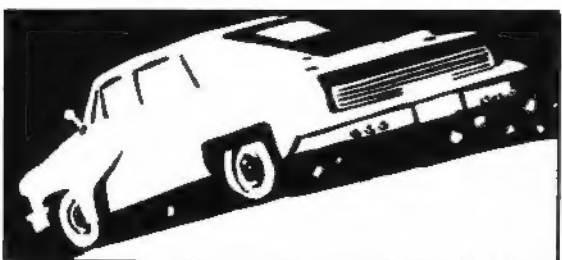
NEVER MIND, DWIGHT.  
IT'S TOO LATE. I'LL GO  
WITH HIM.

TOO  
LATE FOR  
WHAT,  
AVA?

FOR  
EVERYTHING.

JUST  
REMEMBER  
ME, MY LOVE.  
REMEMBER  
ME.





BUDDY, I DON'T  
MEAN TO POKE MY  
NOSE IN WHERE IT DON'T  
BELONG, BUT THAT THERE  
IS A DAME TO KILL FOR.  
WHY'D YOU LET  
HER GO?



THE NIGHT AIR  
HASN'T GOTTEN  
ANY COLDER.

IT JUST  
FEELS  
THAT WAY.

AVA.

DAMN!

# FRANK MILLER

# SIN CITY

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